

now the thought in the minds of  
the audience is:  
we understand music  
we know  
therefore we  
respond.

and afterwards  
at the wheels of their autos  
they come out of the underground  
parking lot  
with more rudeness and crassness  
than any boxing match crowd  
than any horse race crowd  
cutting off other cars ...  
swerving  
bludgeoning ...

the March to the Gallows, indeed  
Pictures at an Exhibition, of course  
the Bolero, yes  
The Afternoon of a Fawn ...

honking  
zooming toward the freeways  
BRAVO west L.A.  
BRAVO Westwood Village  
BRAVO the Hollywood Hills  
BRAVO Beverly Hills.  
Pathétique, indeed.

#### A 56 YEAR OLD POEM

I went with the two ladies  
down to Venice  
to look for antique furniture.  
I parked in back of the store  
and went in with them.  
\$125 for a clock, \$700 for 6 chairs.  
I stopped looking.

the ladies moved about  
looking at everything.  
the ladies had class.  
I waved goodbye to one of the ladies  
and walked out.

it was a Sunday and the bar  
wasn't much better,  
everybody was nervous and young  
and blonde and pale.

I finished my drink and got 4 beers  
at the liquor store  
and sat in my car drinking them.

upon finishing the 4th. beer  
the ladies came out.  
they asked me if I were all right.  
I told them that every experience  
meant something  
and that they had pulled me out of  
my usual murky  
current, it was quite all  
right.

the one I knew best had bought a table  
with a marble top for \$100.  
she owned her own business and was a  
civilized person.  
she was civilized enough to know a neighbor  
who had a van  
and while I sat in her apartment drinking  
1974 Zeller Schwarze Katz  
they went down and got the table.

later she wanted to know what I thought about  
the table and I said I thought it was all right,  
sometimes I lost one hundred dollars at the  
racetrack. we watched tv in bed and later  
that night I couldn't climax. I think it was  
because I was thinking about that marble table.  
I'm sure it was. I don't have any antique marble  
tables at my place, I never have any trouble at  
my place. sometimes but  
very seldom.  
I don't understand the whole antique  
business.

it seems to be a giant  
con.

-- Charles Bukowski

Los Angeles CA

NOTED AS RECEIVED::

WATERLAND: A Gathering from Holland (transl. by John Stevens  
Wade, \$1.50 fm. Holmgangers Press, 22 Ardith Lane, Alamo CA  
94507. ¶ Pictures & Words/Threes & Other Numbers by Keith  
Shein, \$3.50 fm. Trike Press, Box 732, Pismo Beach CA 93449.